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everlasting mountains, been the unchangeable landmarks of his memory to guide him through the altered scene.

Filled with the deepest melancholy, he retraced his footsteps to Tire-nan-Oge; but as he came to the bank of a deep river, he saw one of the degenerate men of that time, vainly endeavouring to raise a sack of corn which had slipped from his horse's back into the middle of the stream. Ossheen had not forgotten his military oath, one clause of which bound the ancient Irish soldier to assist the distressed. He spurred into the current, and endeavoured without alighting to raise the sack with his foot; but it remained unmoved. Surprised that a weight so apparently light should mock his effort, he sprang into the water, when both his horse and the treacherous apparition disappeared, and left him a wretched and forlorn being, bent beneath a load of years.

"The Dialogue of Ossheen and Patrick" can tell the difficulty that apostle had in converting the haughty worshipper of Crom to the mild and humble doctrines of the Christian religion. He became a member of the saint's household; and when he lost his sight through extreme old age, he had a servant to conduct his steps. It appears that Ossheen's appetite corresponded with his stature, and that the saint's housekeeper dealt his portion with a niggard hand, for when the old man expostulated with her one day on the scantiness of his repast, she bitterly replied, that his large oat cake, his quarter of beef, and *miscawn* of butter, would suffice a better man.

"Ah," said he, his memory adverting to the days of his strength, "I could yet show you an *ivy-leaf* broader than your cake, a *berry* of the *quickbeam* larger than your *miscawn*, and the *leg* of a *blackbird* that would outweigh your quarter of beef."

With that want of respect to the aged and destitute which indicates the ill-tempered and rude of that sex, she gave him the *lie direct*—but Ossheen remained silent.

Some time after, Ossheen directed his attendant to nail a raw hide against the wall, and to dash the puppies of a bitch of the wolf-dog species, that had lately littered, against it. They in succession fell howling and helpless to the ground, except one, that clung with tooth and nail in the hide. He was carefully reared, and when he was full-grown and vigorous, Ossheen one day told his attendant to conduct him to the plain of Kildare, and to lead the dog in a leash. As they went along, Ossheen at a certain place asked his guide if he beheld any thing deserving of particular notice; and he replied, that he saw a monstrous plant resembling ivy, that projected from a huge rock, and almost hid the light of the sun, and also a large tree by a neighbouring stream, which bore a red fruit of enormous bulk. Ossheen carried away the leaf and the fruit. They shortly reached the plain of Kildare, and he again demanded whether any strange object met his servant's attention.

"Yes," said the other, "I perceive a *dallan* of extraordinary size."

He then desired to be led to the stone; and after removing it from its place with one giant effort, he took from the cavity beneath a *Cran-tubal*, or sling,\* a ball, and an ancient trumpet. Sitting on the upturned *dallan*, he blew the musical instrument. The loud blast seemed to pierce the concave sky, and though the sound appeared to sweep the extended earth, it was sweet and harmonious. After the lapse of some hours, the blind musician inquired if his attendant beheld any thing uncommon.

"I perceive," said he, "the flight of birds advancing from every quarter of the heavens, and alighting on the plain before us."

He continued the magic strain, when his attendant exclaimed, that a monstrous bird, the shadow of whose bulk darkened the field, was approaching.

"That is the object of our expectation," said Ossheen, "let slip the dog as that bird alights."

The wolf-dog bounded with open jaws to the fight,

\* The Irish, from the accuracy of their aim, and their uncommon strength of arm, were famous slingers. The missiles discharged from the *cran-tubal* were a composition of blood, lime and sawdust.

and the bird received his attack with matchless force. The thrilling blasts of the trumpet seemed to inspire the combatants with renewed rage; they fought all day, and at the going down of the sun the victorious wolf-dog drank the life-blood of his prostrate foe.

"The bird is dead," said the affrighted servant, "and the dog, bathed in blood, is approaching to devour us."

"Direct my aim," said the hero, "towards the dog;" then launching the ball from the *cran-tubal*, it arrested the rapid progress of the savage animal, and felled him lifeless to the earth.

The leaf, the berry, and the leg of this amazing blackbird, were the *spolia optima* he produced to the housekeeper in proof of his veracity. This was the expiring effort of the warrior bard; for the legend records, that indignation at this woman's insulting language shortly afterwards broke his heart.

Such is the legend of Ossheen the son of Fionn, and which, in some of the more distant districts of our country, is handed down from father to son, as being the true history of this last of the noble race to whom it alludes.

E. W.

#### DOCTOR LARDNER'S LECTURE ON STEAM CARRIAGES.

At one of the evening meetings of the British Association, Dr. Lardner delivered a very interesting lecture relative to locomotion and railroads. He exhibited on the platform a very elegant model of a stationary engine, employed in drawing a train of carriages on a circular railway. The engine was moved by steam supplied from a small boiler at one side of the room.

The learned Doctor commenced by speaking generally of the properties of steam; a solid inch of water, in being converted into the invisible form called steam, (for the vapour which we see is not the steam, but smoke,) raises a weight of 15 pounds 150 feet, or of 150 times 15 pounds one foot; and hence we might retain as a simple formula, easy to be remembered, that a solid inch of water, in evaporation, raises a ton one foot; and it possesses the same power in the re-conversion, so that by this principle we have a double mechanical agency—first, in the conversion of water into steam, and secondly, in the re-conversion of steam into water; in the common steam engines both these agencies are employed.—[Here the learned Professor referred to the model of the steam-engine which stood beside him on the platform; and explained the principle upon which it was constructed.] There was a cylinder, into which a plug exactly fitted—the steam being admitted above, drove this plug down, and the steam having thus performed its office, was changed again into cold water, while the application of steam below drove back the plug; to the plug thus driven up and down is attached a rod communicating with a vibrating beam, which sets in motion an arm to which is attached a wheel, the motion of which may be applied to any purpose. This was the principle of the common steam-engine, simply stated, without entering into the mechanical details of the contrivances. The more difficult point was the re-conversion of the steam into water. This was effected by mixing the steam with cold water; for this, therefore, a constant supply of cold water was requisite, which prevented the employment of this principle in the locomotive engines. These engines, therefore, altogether depended upon the first power, that produced by the conversion of water into steam, and the steam, instead of being re-converted into water, was permitted to escape. In the mode of its escape a most important improvement had been effected; and here was another instance of that humiliating truth, that many of the most important discoveries have been accidental. The steam, when suffered to escape at random, proved annoying to those in its immediate neighbourhood; and it was accordingly found convenient to convey it through the chimney. Here, however, it was found to serve a most important purpose. In passing into the flue, it created a most powerful blast; and the current of air thus drawn up through the flue acted as a bellows—infinitely more powerful than any that could be contrived, and with this additional advantage, that the blast was powerful or weak, as circumstances required. When the steam was strong, the blast was increased in intensity, and the combustion of the fuel more intense. The speed of a locomotive engine depends altogether on the quickness with which steam can be supplied, and the generation of the steam depends altogether on the heat. The enquiry, therefore, as to the speed of locomotive engines is simply an

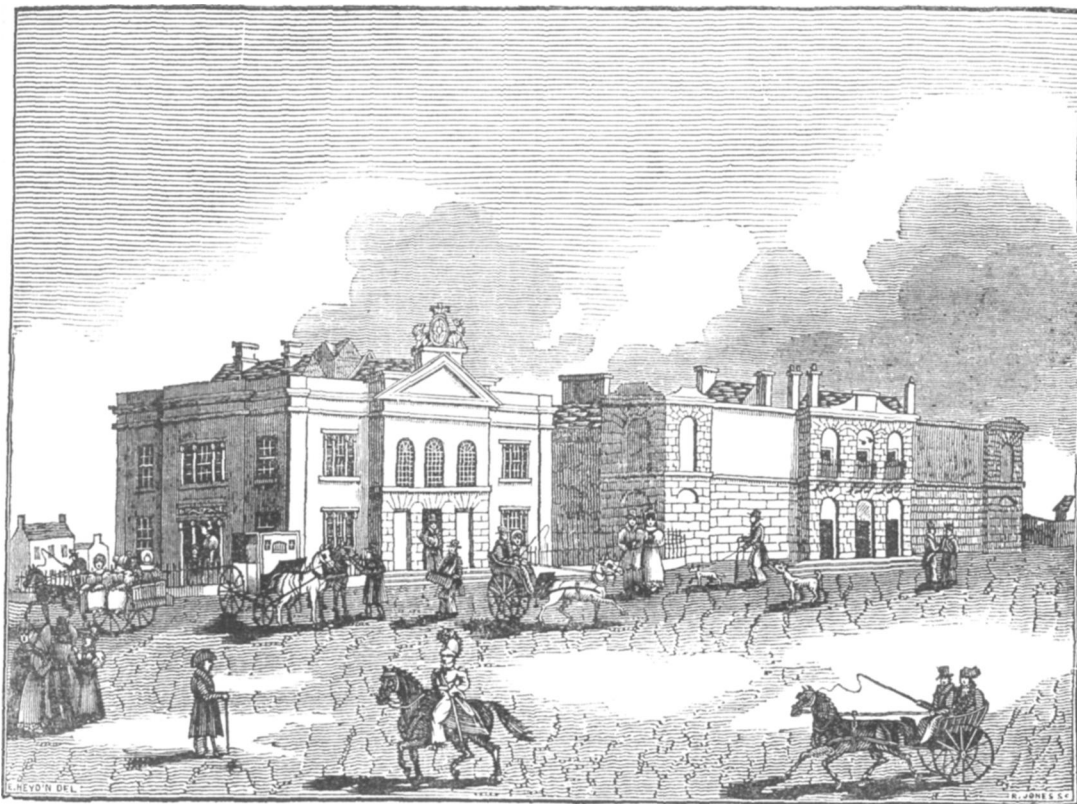
enquiry how the greatest degree of heat can be applied to the generation of steam. Heat acts in two ways; it acts first by radiation, just as the lamps communicate their light; the particles of heat are radiated against the sides of the boiler, and so the water becomes hot; but, besides, the air which is employed in sustaining combustion, escapes at an intense temperature. If this air were, then, allowed to pass away without any diminution of its temperature, it would be a waste of fuel; it is, therefore, contrived by making it run through intricate passages, that it shall not pass away without being reduced to the temperature of the water, and, according to the laws of equilibrium of heat, it could not be reduced below this without cooling the water. Here, then, was a difficulty—so to regulate its escape, that it might just be reduced to the proper temperature—and it was interesting to observe the struggles of invention to attain this object. Two or three expedients had been employed—the first plan he would endeavour to explain—(here he referred to a diagram placed in a conspicuous position upon the wall)—round about the fire place there was a hollow shell filled with water, against the sides of this the heat radiates, and the steam bubbles, being generated, the steam is conveyed into the chamber prepared for its reception—the air, however, employed in combustion is not permitted to escape at once—a round vessel filled with water is placed between the fire and the chimney—through this vessel run a hundred tubes open at both ends—and these are so contrived in their diameters and arrangement that the heated air which rushes through them is reduced, by the time it reaches the chimney, to the temperature of the water; by this all waste of fuel is prevented; and the air having reached the chimney, although in its cooled state it does not retain sufficient tendency to ascend to bear it up with sufficient rapidity, is caught by the blast produced by the admission of the steam, as previously explained, and carried up the chimney with great force. This was the contrivance adopted in locomotive engines; and by this an engine, weighing itself ten tons, and with a train attached of one hundred, two hundred, or even two hundred and forty tons, moves along a rail-road at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Of the violence of the combustion employed, no idea could be formed by those who only knew fire in its culinary and domestic purposes. Of the intensity of the heat some notion might be formed from an instance of which he (Dr. Lardner) had been himself a witness. In an experimental trip from Manchester to Liverpool, new grate bars had been absolutely melted away by the violence of the heat. Dr. Lardner then proceeded to mention several other contrivances, one, in which a number of concentric cylinders were employed, the spaces between being alternately filled up with fire and water; but the object sought in every such contrivance was to expose as large a surface of water as possible to the action of the heat. Having thus given a rapid outline of locomotive engines, he would proceed to explain the principle of rail-roads. The difficulty of employing steam on common roads arises from a principle pervading all inert mechanical agency—every species of power but animal exertion—that it could not vary its energy without loss. There is no mechanical contrivance by which you can obtain superior power when occasion may require; on a common road the resistance is variable. Dr. Lardner then proceeded to make some observations on roads in general, and on what he termed M<sup>r</sup> Adam's paradox, that a road through a bog was as good as over rock; this was by no means the case, and the newest plan of making roads is to have for them all a paved foundation; the perfection of a road is that it should be perfectly hard, smooth, and level. The first requisite, rail-roads possess almost to perfection—the second is disturbed by the joining of the rails; this is not apparent on the Kingstown railway, where the rails are new, but on the Manchester and Liverpool it is possible to count the number of rails by the jolts of the carriage. To obtain the level is the most difficult part of all—on a level rail-road the power of nine pounds is sufficient to draw a ton; that is, in round numbers, the same as one to two hundred and fifty; this proportion of weight upon a level would be equivalent to the resistance of an acclivity rising one foot in two hundred and fifty—an acclivity of so gentle ascent, as not to be perceptible to the eye, and yet requiring double the power which is necessary on a level road. Engines have been constructed so as to surmount this difficulty; in fact, at one time to put forth double the power which they do at another; but when the rise is one foot in one hundred and twenty-five, it requires treble force to surmount it, and this is beyond the power of the profitable application of locomotive force. If the rise is less than one foot in one hundred, an additional en-

gine is added, that pulls the train up the hill, but if it be greater than this, it is beyond the power of locomotive engines for this ascent. Another and more powerful species of engine must be employed, which remains stationary at the top of the hill, and pulls up the train by a rope. To illustrate how slight were the acclivities that to locomotive engines were formidable hills, Dr. Lardner stated, that to draw a weight of one ton up Sackville-street, where the rise is one foot in five hundred, a force of thirteen pounds instead of nine would be required. Up the lower part of Grafton-street, an additional engine would be requisite; from Anne-street to Stephen's-green, level as it might appear, the ascent is beyond the power of locomotive engines on a rail-road, and should be accomplished by a fixed engine at the head of the ascent; and all the power of steam could not bring any weight up by a rail-road laid on Cavendish-row. Another difficulty is, that rail-roads must be straight—they cannot go round corners or even make any considerable curve, because, in passing round a curve, with such tremendous velocity, the carriages receive a centrifugal force, and will be very likely to fly off at the convex side of the curve. This was the only blemish in the Kingstown railway, which, of all railways, was the most perfect in its design. There was just at its termination a curve, with the small radius of half a mile; no curve should have a less radius than a mile—at present this blemish was of no consequence, because this curve occurred at the termination of the railway, where the carriages slackened their rate. If ever, however, the railway is carried farther, as he hoped and was confident it would, this curve must be removed. He knew, however, that the distinguished engineer, who had so admirably planned the line, was perfectly aware of the circumstance of the curve, and had only yielded to inevitable necessity in making it, even where at present, from the cause already mentioned, it was not dangerous. It was not from any inferiority in railways that a curve or a hill, which would be of no consequence in a common road, became so serious here; it was a consequence of their perfection, just as a slight gash, that would scarcely injure a less perfect instrument, would utterly destroy a razor. He had trespassed very long—(no, no, and applause,) but he would only detain them by glancing briefly at the great lines of communication which are projected—the most forward is the line between Liverpool and London—a railway is to run from Liverpool to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to meet the Manchester railway at a point about half way to Liverpool—this railway will be two hundred miles long—there is a magnificent viaduct over the valley of the Ouse, a mile and a quarter long—and several tunnels, one under Primrose-hill, close to the Regent's Park, of half a mile, another at mile and a half, with several of shorter lengths. By this railroad, even were no further improvement to be effected in the speed of the engines beyond the ordinary rate of travelling, the journey from London to Liverpool would be effected in ten hours; but, as it is probable that carriages built expressly for the purpose of speed, which has never yet been made the object of attention, could keep up during the whole way the rate of forty, fifty, or even sixty miles, which speed had been attained on the Kingstown railway in experimental trips, the mail might be conveyed from London to Liverpool in three hours and a half. Dr. Lardner then referred to a map on which all the projected railroads were marked—one from London to Southampton, another from London to Bristol. It was impossible to calculate the moral, political, and commercial effects of these railroads. It was found that the making of a railroad trebled the intercourse along the line. The intercourse between London and Liverpool was 1,300 persons a day, as ascertained by stamp returns. The intercourse between London and the three towns he had mentioned was annually a million and a quarter—very nearly the amount of the whole population of London. Other railroads were projected, to York, and Edinburgh, and Lincoln; and last—not least—one that he trusted yet to see—the highway to New York (cheers); he meant, the projected line from Dublin to Valentia (renewed cheering.) From this the greatest good must follow; steam packets could ply from Valentia to Halifax in twelve days, and thus the whole intercourse with America be brought within the reach of steam navigation; all passengers from the western world would then pass through Ireland, and he (Dr. Lardner) knew of no project more calculated to tranquillize and enrich Ireland than the construction of the proposed railway, in the line of which there is no insuperable obstacle (great cheering.) Our transatlantic brethren had done much in constructing rail-

roads, which were not inferior to ours, as had been erroneously stated—46 were completed, and 137 either contemplated or in progress; one was now projecting from Baltimore to the vale of the Ohio, which would be 330 miles in length. The learned Professor concluded his in-

teresting Lecture amid the plaudits of the highly respectable assembly which filled the room.

At an adjourned meeting a lively discussion took place on the foregoing subjects, between Dr. Lardner and Mr. Vignoles, which we shall give in some future number.



SESSIONS HOUSE AND JAIL, KILMAINHAM.

#### KILMAINHAM.

Kilmainham and its vicinity was for centuries a place of great notoriety. At a very early period, (it is said as early as 606,) a priory was erected here by St. Magnend; and afterwards, in the year 1174, Strongbow established, on the site of the ancient building, a priory for Knights Templars, under the invocation of St. John the Baptist. The Institution of the order of Knights Templars was peculiarly calculated to suit the romantic and chivalrous age in which it arose, and so powerful was its influence, that during the 200 years which this order existed, it had actually acquired 16000 lordships. Their conduct, however, afforded ample grounds to the avaricious and designing Philip of France, to impeach their reputation; and upon charges of sorcery, idolatry, and other dreadful crimes, to confiscate their estates and imprison their persons. Edward II. followed this example; and after a solemn trial held in Dublin, before Friar Richard Balbyn, minister of the order of Dominicans, the Templars were condemned, but more in conformity with the general feeling of the rest of Europe, than from any evidence of their infamy.

The lands and possessions of this priory were then bestowed upon the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem by the Pope, and the grant confirmed by the king; and it became an hospital for guests and strangers, to the complete exclusion of the infirm and sick, who had been always received by the Knights Templars.

The County Gaol and Court-House, are now the most prominent objects in the view of Kilmainham; and as these differ little from the generality of such buildings, we feel it unnecessary to occupy our space with any description. Our engraving portrays them with sufficient accuracy.

#### THE TOWN—AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "PSYCHE."

The Rectory, Ardrahan, Nov. 5.

MY DEAR SIR—In turning over some old papers the other day, I laid my hand upon a poem of the celebrated Mrs. Henry Tighe, the much admired authoress of *Psyche*. It is written in imitation of Milton's *L'Allegro*; and, I have reason to believe, never has made its appearance in print. It is peculiarly interesting from the period in which it was written—just the close of the last and beginning of the present century. Our Parliament was then sitting in College-green—Siddons, Kemble, and Bannister, were frequent in the Dublin engagements at Crowstreet—and the eloquent Dean Kirwan, whose astonishing powers as a charity sermon preacher will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear him, was then pleading for the widow and the orphan, who were thrown destitute upon society by the fatal consequences of the rebellion of '98. These circumstances, so appropriate to your valuable and national work, have induced me to send it to you.

If its own internal evidence did not attest sufficiently its being the genuine production of its reputed author, I should merely add, that I happened to live in intimacy with the aunt of Mrs. Tighe. I had some taste for poetry, as a youth, at the time; and the good old lady, (long since departed,) as a mark of occasional favour, used to permit me to copy some of her niece's beautiful productions from manuscripts written in the most extraordinary and correct hand I have ever seen. They were copied by a young orphan girl Mrs. Tighe had reared, and taught to act as an amanuensis. The lines were written after a winter of extreme gaiety passed in Dublin, upon her return to her mother-in-law's solitary and gloomy mansion at Rossanna, in the County of Wicklow.